

# OUR DUMB Animals

DECEMBER

1954

CHRISTMAS DREAM

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY  
for the  
PREVENTION of CRUELTY  
to ANIMALS  
and the  
AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by Gordon N. Converse





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**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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# Animals

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## *Christmas 1954*

**W**E wish we could look into the face of each one of those good friends of our two Societies and of our Hospitals, whose gifts and whose unfailing interest have made possible our work, and say, "A Happy Christmas." What a multitude we should reach in such a personal way!

It is only by this printed page, however, that we can send our wishes for a Christmas, rich with the Spirit for which this day of days stands. Much as Christmas has meant to humanity, it has meant no less to those lowlier creatures who share with man life's joys and sorrows.

The Spirit of Christmas is the eternal foe of cruelty. No man who yields to its sway can look with other than kindly eyes upon the least of those living things that have capacity for pain. Whatever the burden of suffering that rests upon the animal world today, it is less by manyfold than it was before that night when a little Child was born in the Stable in Bethlehem.

E. H. H.

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# Reddy — Willing And Able

By B. Brown



**R**EDDY, an auburn-colored cocker owned by Mrs. Johnson, of Smithville, N. Y., was the pet of his neighborhood. Everyone liked Reddy, but his favorite was Mrs. Cooke, whose house was directly across the street from Mrs. Johnson's.

The way to Reddy's heart was certainly through his stomach. The food Mrs. Cooke gave him on his twice-daily visits was delicious. Mrs. Johnson, his mistress, had taught him a few tricks, which he performed happily, to say, "Thanks a lot, Mrs. Cooke!" Then, after Mrs. Cooke had tired of scratching his curly broad back, Reddy would trot out to the curb, look both ways for traffic, and when all was clear, cross the street for home. Parents held Reddy up as the finest example of caution to their children.

One Christmastime, Mrs. Johnson, confined to her wheelchair, found she had run out of cards to complete her list. She still hadn't sent a card to her best friend, Mrs. Cooke. "I know," she said, "I'll send her greetings by Reddy!"

Wheeling herself over to the desk, she opened a drawer and found a box of pressed ribbons she had saved from other holidays. Selecting a red satin one, she called Reddy to her. Wagging his tail, Reddy stood obediently by her chair while she tied a beautiful bow to his collar. Then, patting his head, she said, "Reddy, go over and wish Mrs. Cooke a Merry Christmas!" All she had to do was open the front door and out and over Reddy ran.

Lonely Mrs. Cooke was overjoyed to see him. She gave him some of her choicest holiday cookies and Reddy barked for more. She straightened the bright bow which he had flattened when he lay down and rolled over. Then she disappeared upstairs for a few moments. When she returned, she had a pretty green ribbon in her hand. Reddy seemed to know that she was going to tie it on his collar. He stood very still while Mrs. Cooke adjusted the new bow. She patted his head and said, "Tell your mother, 'Happy New Year,' Reddy!" Looking very handsome with his red and green bows, the conveyor of Christmas greetings scampered back home.

This is how a unique custom was established between two old friends. At Easter, Mrs. Johnson would tie a yellow ribbon on Reddy's collar and Mrs. Cooke an orchid one. Reddy was ever willing and able to deliver their messages.

Then, one day, Mrs. Johnson's husband came home from work and found her still body in the wheelchair. He called Mrs. Cooke and told her the sad news. Still seated by the telephone she had just cradled, Mrs. Cooke was roused from her weeping by a familiar scratch on the front door. She thought, "Here's our little messenger." Then she opened the door and Reddy came in. He went right out to the kitchen and sat begging by the icebox. Smiling, in spite of her grief, Mrs. Cooke fed the pet her life-time friend had failed to feed this last day of her life.

Mrs. Cooke would go over to Johnsons' to help; she would send a wreath, too, but now she did the most loving thing to honor the memory of her friend—she tied a black velvet ribbon to Reddy's collar and sent him home. Mr. Johnson would understand.

*Reddy inspects the icebox for his favorite food.*

Photo by Georgia Engelhard



**T**HE most majestic cat I ever saw lives in a theater. His name is Lightening and besides being of majestic mien, he is really huge and pure white from the tip of his tail to his alert ears. You can just imagine what a life he has led and how many friends he has made there in the theater lobby which is his throne room where he gives audience to his many admirers.

Lightening missed his birthday party this year for reasons I shall detail later on and because of this, the management put a tiny Christmas tree in the lobby beside his throne. All Christmas week, Lightening was the most pampered cat in town. People left bells, catnip, food and food bowls for their favorite theater cat. You see, it was Lightening's twenty-second Christmas and it couldn't have been a merrier one. There are a lot of people who hope that next year they will still find Lightening sitting on his velvet cushion enjoying the holiday season in the best cat fashion.

When his real birthday came around this year, Lightening was absent from the theater for about two weeks. You would be surprised at the number of people who wrote in or called up to see what had happened to him. The truth is, Lightening is no longer a kitten. He is, as we said, a very old cat—twenty-two years, which is about ninety for a human. During his two weeks' absence, Lightening visited the veterinarian to get his tri-annual checkup. He was having a little tooth trouble and his digestion wasn't all it should have been.

Because his birthday fell during the time he was off to see the doctor, theater patrons were doubly concerned over his disappearance. This remarkable cat's first theater birthday party was held way back in 1931. He was then only a year old but he had already become a tradition in the theater.

At that time, the management tried to keep Lightening backstage, but he always managed to escape them. Once he threw the audience into an uproar when he climbed up on the back of the screen and then came down over the picture side. When he was young, Lightening showed quite an interest in the cinema. He used to perch on the console of the organ and watch the screen with as much interest as any paid admission. In fact, it wouldn't be surprising at all if he became better acquainted, as far as screen history goes, with the popular stars of the period, than any of the humans who came regularly to see their favorites perform.

The manager of the theater always chuckles when he tells of Lightening as a kitten. "We'd hear a laugh right in the middle of some heavy drama. Then we knew Lightening was offering better entertainment than the picture."

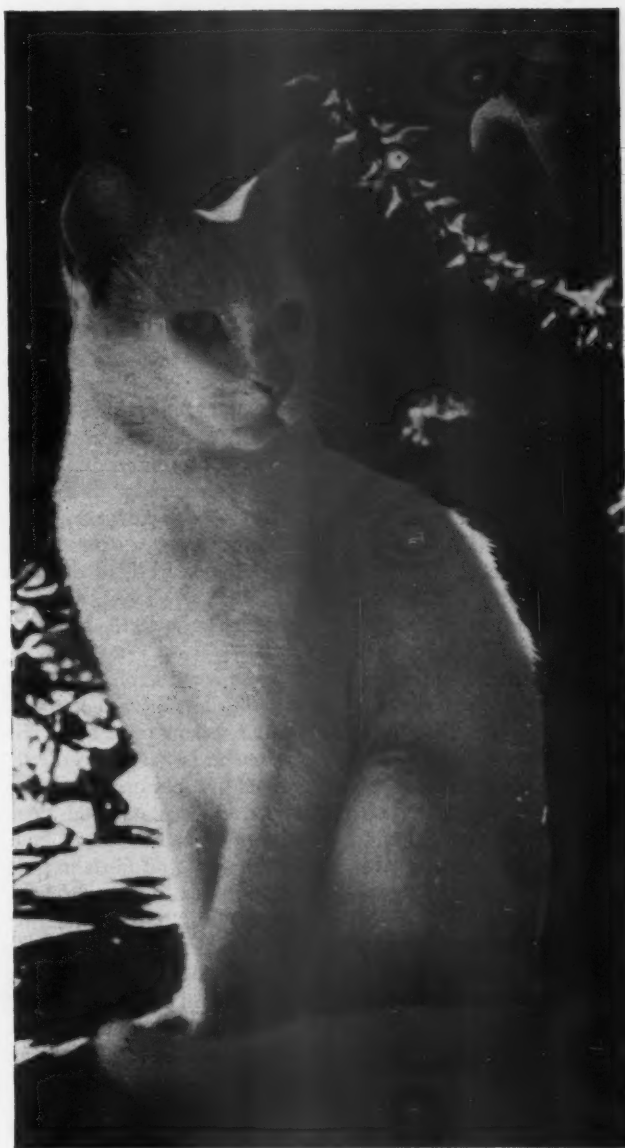
Lightening has always seen to it that no other animal entered the theater. Just let a dog walk past on a leash and Lightening streaks out in a flash, spitting and hissing and ready to fight for his rights in the theater.

Well, pictures have begun to bore Lightening just a little. Now he much prefers watching the patrons come and go. He sits there, straight and majestic on his cushion in the foyer. Many regular customers stop to speak to him or leave a small tid-bit of beef heart or kidney.

*Here is Lightening, snapped in one of his sojourns in the open.*

# Lightening's Christmas Celebration

**By Helen L. Renshaw**





## Dancing Birds

By Joyce Burns Glen

**A**USTRALIA'S gayest birds are the Brolgas or Native Companions. Every day at sunset they amuse themselves by dancing, starting a pirouette at the sound of a whistle. Their specialty is square dancing. They caper in a comical manner and even perform a measure with decorum.

The Brolga, which is Australia's only crane, is not found anywhere else in the world. A tall stately bird, it is about four feet high and has long, thin legs and silver-gray feathers with black wing quills. It has red patches on its head, small black eyes and a long, thin beak.

The Brolga dance is one of the most remarkable things in natural history. These huge birds love dancing in company. They dance gracefully and hold their heads proudly. The usual routine is for a hundred or more birds to form a circle. In the middle is the leader or caller. It prances up and down, first to one side and then to the other, with its long neck swaying, and each different movement of the leader is imitated by all the other birds. After the ballet, the birds parade in pairs, spreading their wings and bowing to one another.

Brolgas are very powerful fliers, ascending to great heights in the air. When taking off in flight they make a sweeping run, rather like an airplane taking off from a runway.

They eat insects, small rats and mice and grass seeds and are useful because they keep the crops and gardens free of pests. The females lay two cream-colored spotted eggs in nests built in swampy places, sometimes in the middle of water lilies. These nests are so cleverly made they can float on the current when the wind blows.

## The Necessary Cat

By Joseph B. Sinclair

**D**OMESTIC cats have been enjoying many privileges for thousands of years. Legislation pertaining to cats dates back to the tenth century in Britain. But Tabby enjoyed an exalted position at a much earlier date in Egypt, where laws provided that cat killers were to be punished by death.

In the early thirteenth century, cats were considered to be the only suitable animal company for the holy women of England. The "Rule of Nuns" forbade holy women from keeping any animal but a cat in their households.

The importance of the cat in community life was recognized by Welsh laws as early as the tenth century. It was legally provided in those days that a cat was necessary to make a lawful hamlet together with nine buildings, one plow, one kiln, one churn, one bull, one cock and one herdsman.

No mention was made at the time of the dog or the horse in helping to legalize a Welsh hamlet. This may explain why the cat still has that smugly superior look.

Coming down to the present, marine insurance authorities in all countries recognize the importance of a cat. Such insurance does not cover damage to cargo by rats, but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship went to sea without a cat, he can recover damages from the ship owners.

It is one of the unwritten laws of the sea that no ship should sail without a feline crew aboard. A ship's cat is almost as important as first mate or captain.

## DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER



THE EXCEPTIONAL SCENTING POWER OF **BLOODHOUNDS** HAS RECENTLY BEEN PUT TO NEW USE IN **DETECTING GAS LEAKS** IN UNDERGROUND MAINS



© 1950, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

IN the beginning, Yukon, the neighbors' pet, who was more wolf than dog, behaved like any other pup. He dug in the soft earth, played tug-of-war with the older dogs, rolled and cavorted on the lawn with the cats and kittens.

"He must take after the 'doggy' side of the family," I commented one day when Florence, Yukon's mistress, and I were having tea on the patio. "There certainly is nothing 'wolfish' about him."

But as he grew older, I noticed a gradual change in the big dog's bearing and disposition. He no longer came romping up the lane, but approached the house in a roundabout fashion with tail down, legs bent in a crouch, ears on the alert.

"I wish Yukon would stay home," I told Jack. "He's beginning to chase the cats and snap at the chickens. Sometimes, he actually frightens me."

That Yukon had just the opposite effect on Mr. Blue was plain to see. Apparently, he loved the half-caste as though he were a blood brother. Pumpkin, the cat; Charlie, the duck; even Sheila, the setter, were as nothing when Yukon was near. What Yukon did, Mr. Blue did—or tried to do. Where Yukon went, Mr. Blue followed.

As long as their activities were confined to harmless pastimes, I had no real objection to the strange relationship, but when Blue, led by Yukon, began chasing bicycles and automobiles, I thought it high time to bear down on them.

Much as I love dogs, I am not blind to the danger to man and beast of such a practice. Many a bicyclist, horseback rider and motorist has suffered painful injuries and property damage because an ill-trained dog has so frightened and confused him, that he lost control of machine or mount.

It was to prevent heartaches and accidents, that I had taught Mr. Blue in his green years, that street or highway was not his province, but here he was, at the advanced age of nine, behaving like an empty-headed pup. Each time I caught him dashing out on to the road, I whisked his hind-quarters with a newspaper and sent Yukon home with harsh words and threatening gestures. But always, the big dog would be back.

After the first reprimand, he did not come directly to the house, but lay in the vineyard and called to Mr. Blue with low, sharp barks. Then I'd see our dog cross the lawn, slip under the fence and disappear, all the while ignoring my command to return. At first, they'd be gone only a short while, but soon, they were making a morning of it.

And then, one day, they disappeared directly after breakfast and did not return for lunch or dinner. At nightfall, I called Florence and asked if the dogs were there. She said she had not seen them all day and that she was going out to look for her pet. I took my car and scoured the highway but without success.

I was feeding the chickens next morning, when I saw Mr. Blue emerge from the barn and slink toward the house. He looked terrible. His coat was a mat of burrs; he carried his head so low it almost touched the ground.

Exasperated for the bad night he'd given me, I tied him to a fence post so I could keep an eye on him. I'd scarcely finished knotting the rope, when a man drove into the yard. He was angry clear through—I could see that, even before he spoke. He told me he lived half a mile to the west of us, that he owned several thousand turkeys and that my dog and another had spent the previous day, chasing turkeys from one end of the field to the other.

Promising to confine Mr. Blue, I went into the house shak-

# "Mr. Blue," Delinquent

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue looked terrible after his night out.

ing from head to foot. It was hard to believe that a dog who had consistently protected all young things could, at this late date, revert to savagery.

I called Florence and told her of the neighbor's visit. He had talked to her, too, she said, and she had locked Yukon in the hangar. But Yukon was wily as well as strong and soon he had dug out of the building. Whether he chewed the rope that held Mr. Blue, or whether Mr. Blue freed himself, I do not know, but when I went out with fresh water, the rope was severed and Mr. Blue was gone. Hurrying to the 'phone, I notified Florence that my dog was missing.

"Mine, too," she wailed. "What are we going to do?"

I said I meant to find mine if it took all day.

It was the barking that drew my attention. Shrill, constant, savage! Getting out of the car, I hurriedly crossed a pasture. Shortly I came to a draw, and there in a clump of trees I saw twin calves huddled together. Between them and a lunging, snarling dog was a cow, fighting with horns and hooves for her young. Over to one side, urging the younger dog on, was Mr. Blue, so intent on his unholy business that he did not see my approach.

Collaring him before he could duck and run, I shouted to Yukon, screaming maledictions at the top of my lungs. I was some seconds before he heard me. When he did, he merely turned, stared without a sign of recognition, then trotted away.

Back home, I secured Mr. Blue to a tree with a stout chain. And there he stayed, except at night, when I locked him on the service porch.

Two weeks have elapsed since the episode of the calves. Yukon has not returned nor has anyone seen him. And Mr. Blue, rid of the evil influence, is quite himself again. This morning I saw him giving first aid to Pumpkin for a cut toe.



## Tree for Rags

By Marion Ullmark

LAST year, my son, Bill, set up and decorated a Christmas tree for our puppy, Rags. Yes, that's right, a Christmas tree for the puppy. Rags and the rest of the family had so much fun and pleasure out of his Christmas tree that I thought some other dog lovers might like to try the idea, too.

You can purchase a very small tree, of course, but Bill just used one of the branches that his dad trimmed off our big tree to make it more symmetrical. He pushed it down firmly in an empty milk bottle that he had decorated with green tissue paper and a big red bow.

The trimmings for Rags' Christmas tree were inexpensive but just the things the puppy loved. They included a rubber ball, some puppy biscuits, a particularly choice bone and a few of the jelly beans that Rags is so fond of. Of course, Bill knew that candy wasn't at all good for puppies, but he felt and we agreed with him that Christmas comes but once a year!

Over night we stored the little tree on the back porch where the inquisitive Rags could not find it and eat wrappings, ribbon and all. Early Christmas morning, Bill, in his robe and slippers, brought the tree in and placed it carefully in a corner of the living room.

Rags' keen little nose led him to his tree at once, and it is hard to say who enjoyed it more, Rags or his family. Rags' tree was one of the highlights of Christmas day for all of us, and we are looking forward to another tree for Rags this holiday season, too.

## Legend

WHEN the Holy Family fled from Herod, the lark, the quail and the dove accompanied them, singing sweetly, soaring high, to cheer them on their way.

But Herod's soldiers came seeking the Child, to slay Him, and the dove and the quail grew fearful for their own lives and betrayed the route which the Holy Family had taken.

Only the lark defied the cruel soldiers. She sang still sweetly to draw the soldiers on, and she flew high to lead them away from the fleeing Holy Ones.

So now, the quail flies low, and the song of the dove is soft and mournful. But the lark flies high and joyful toward the rising sun, singing the sweetest song of all.

— From Spain

# Happy Barks

By Wallace M. Depew

MY caller, a doctor, had a prescription he wanted filled, not a box of pills or a bottle of medicine, neither of which I could have concocted anyway.

"I've heard about your model train setup where the engine whistles and the station talks," he said.

"My son and I have it at Christmas-time," I answered.

"And this dog (Shep was at my feet) I have heard of, too," the physician continued. "She really knows her arithmetic and can sing, I've been told."

I said nothing.

"You are puzzled. But let me ask this question. Would you be willing to have that engine whistle, the station talk, and the dog bark over the telephone?"

Puzzled wasn't the word, and the tone of my voice must have shown it when I said, "What for, doctor?"

"To help a little boy in a hospital get well and be home for Christmas."

Then I understood. "Sure I'll be glad to help," I told him.

"The sooner we try this the better," the doctor explained. And then he told me he would call the next evening.

When the call came from the doctor, all was ready. The train ran, the engine wouldn't whistle, but the station talked and Shep barked. And, as an added at-

traction I had Shep do simple arithmetic problems for the little fellow, like adding 1 and 2, and 2 and 3. Surely, the plan was working because I heard the boy laughing.

I had to leave town the next day. When I got back a week later, my wife told me the doctor had called and said, "The dog's bark was magic to his little patient."

I had not noticed before, but from the radio came the strains of a familiar Christmas carol, and the announcer was urging all to join in singing. Shep was in front of me. I held up my hand. Shep who had been taught to speak every time I did this, barked. And as the music played, I hummed and Shep continued to bark, happy barks.

Just in case you are wondering, I would like to explain that there is no mystery to Shep doing arithmetic problems. As I have said, I taught Shep to bark when I held up my hand. At first I said, "Speak, Shep." And when she responded, I would put my hand on her head which was the signal to stop. Now, some one asks how much is 1 and 2? I put up my hand three times and then place my hand on her head.

Simple, isn't it? And yet it gave a lift to a little fellow when he needed help the most.



Photo by Louise Van der Meid

Shep enjoys the model train as much as her master.





Margaret Tarrant

Hale, Cushman and Flint

# A Plea for Peace on Earth

OUR man-made universe is not a happy place. It is ridden by fear, suspicion, greed, conspiracy, and danger. But frogs and hummingbirds, little white rabbits and drifting butterflies, mother robins and, indeed, all the myriad beauties of nature are innocent. Animals are not evil. Nature's cruelty is quick, clean, and purposeful, never calculated or sadistic. A swooping seagull does not use a decoy or a sneakboat; a fox does not set steel traps; a lioness does not hide behind an elaborate blind when she seeks a zebra for her young. The gentle, helpless deer have no guns to make their being hunted a fair sport.

Dogs know everlasting loyalty even to the worst of men, but they have no guile. A cat who gives her friendship and affection to her family, bestows a blessing upon them. The whole world of nature in its waterfalls and lovely trees, its great rivers, lakes, and high hills, is a source of beauty, inspiration, and serenity of spirit. Its rhythm is a mighty seasonal symphony, from the piccolos of peepers in the spring, to the drums and trumpets of the surf in autumn.

Yet, neither the man-made nor the natural world can long exist without each other. Cows must be milked, sheep must be sheared, pets must be fed, and spaniels gently scratched behind the ear. Man depends upon the earth to yield an everlasting stream of wealth and nourishment for his uses; why should this make him feel that he is so great a fellow?

For centuries the world of nature has endured. Since it has learned its pattern so well, and since it has no great wars among its kind, nor any needs of jails, or asylums, or hospitals, it is reasonable to suppose that it will always be here, offering asylum and beauty for mankind to enjoy. However, if the human world is bent upon destroying itself, by the exchange of atomic and hydrogenous tokens big enough to confound all enemies, man will carry the innocent universe along into limbo.

What has the smallest insect (which also has the urge to live) done to deserve such a fate? Why should tiny things—babies, kittens, fledglings, puppies, colts, and cubs, live only days or

hours? Has man a divine right to stop the waterfalls, number the rings around the trunks of noble trees, bring the soaring birds to ground, or erase the flowering meadows and the tall fields of grain?

Christmas will soon be here again, and it reminds us of the lovely folk tale, telling us that animals kneel in worship at midnight, every Christmas Eve. For Christ was born in the stable of the inn, and the Wise Men, Kings and Shepherds, who came to do Him homage, were not the first to look upon the Babe in that holy place. It was the lowly cattle and the sheep who were there.

It was also on that first Christmas Eve that the angels sang:

*"Peace on earth*

*Good will toward men."*

God willing, may man learn to extend his good will towards the silent universe all around him; to a world whose creatures cannot plead their own cause, but only trust; to a world whose pattern of existence is surely a little closer to Heaven than his own.

— Olga Owens, Book Editor  
Boston Post

# Of Course They Know That Santa Claus Is Real

*"Sit still, now. We're going out to play Santa Claus and we've got to look our best. What would our friends think if we came bearing gifts and your new winter coat was all 'discommobulated?'"*

Photo by Gordon N. Converse



Photo by L.

*"Won't the family be surprised to see me under the Christmas tree? As a matter of fact, I've been here all night and when the old gentleman with the white beard came down the chimney about 2 A.M., I was on hand to greet him. And he was very pleased. No one had ever caught him before, but, then,*

"Oh, boy — that's certainly a great story my little mistress, Pat, is reading. I wonder if she believes there's a real Santa Claus. Being a mere animal of the four-legged variety, I, of course, know there is because I've seen him and I've personally talked with every one of his reindeer. I like Prancer the best, but they're all nice when you get to know them and they all say that Santa is tops."

Photo by Gordon N. Converse



"Believe me, St. Nick isn't going to get in without my seeing him. There's no fireplace in my house so he'll simply have to come in the front door. I don't know whether or not he'll ring the bell, but if he does he'll have to get by my nose and that's plenty sharp, as you can see."

Photo by Myer Ostroff  
Boston Record American



Photo by Louise Van der Meld

under the Christmas tree when they a matter of fact, folks, I've been with the whiskers slid down the feet him. And was he ever astounded, but, then, I'm a smart cat!"





## Canine P. O. W.

EVERY once in a while one happens upon a little incident so universal in its appeal that it brings the past to life. Such an occurrence took place during the battle of Yorktown in the closing weeks of the campaign. The British commander's dog, a friendly little creature which had never been taught the difference between a man in a red coat and one in enemy uniform, wandered by mistake into the American camp. There he was promptly seized and carried to the rear as a prisoner of war.

The canine captive was kindly treated and, not in the least downhearted, gladly

went through his entire repertoire of tricks for the edification of the American soldiers. Many of the men who had dogs of their own at home must have felt more kindly toward Lord Cornwallis because of his good-natured pet.

When General George Washington learned about the "prisoner" the following day, he made immediate arrangements to return the dog to its owner under a flag of truce. Along with the friendly animal went a letter from General Washington apologizing to Lord Cornwallis for detaining the dog overnight.

By Marion Silk



Artist, Gedge Harmon

## Christmas Legends

By Jewell Casey

OLD legends live on and have come to our own day with their manner of connecting the useful and beautiful life of Jesus with the useful and beautiful lives of our animal and bird friends. There is a belief that animals, having surrounded the Christ Child at birth, sense the anniversary of the birth of the Savior and pay their respects to Him in various ways. Some people, recognizing the special significance of animals at this time, perform special acts of kindness or acknowledgement towards them.

Believing that on Christmas day the bees hum a carol, people in the old world sometimes place sprigs of holly on the hives to wish the bees a merry Christmas.

An old Indian legend holds that on the day before Christmas all of the deer throughout the world kneel and look up to the Heavens, thereby showing their respect to the Great Spirit.

In Spain all cattle are given fresh straw for their beds and extra food and water all through the Christmas season.

This is done because it is believed that the Christ Child was kept warm by the kind cattle breathing upon Him.

In the German Alps it is thought that cattle have the gift of speech on Christmas Eve. But for a person to listen to their conversations is a sin and misfortune will befall anyone who attempts to listen in!

According to an old legend, if a wild canary is heard singing very joyously on Christmas Eve, it is because he is happy over something that happened long, long ago. One Christmas Eve a terrible snowstorm raged in the Harz Mountains in Germany, tearing up all trees except the firs. Great flocks of canaries were crying out in distress because the trees in which they were sleeping had been blown to the ground. The snow and cruel wind were causing them great misery. The hardy fir trees, hearing the cries of the birds, called, "Come into our branches. We will protect you." So the birds were saved and since then have shown their thanks by singing happily on Christmas Eve.

## No Thanks from Tippy

By Ruth Power Barstow

TED and I had but recently moved to the little white house perched on the top of a hill, and were settling down to enjoy it to the fullest, when a problem arose, a problem which had to do with Tippy, our coal black kitten with a white tip on the end of her tail.

Tippy had never liked our former home, the apartment, but was now in her glory, enjoying to the fullest her new-found freedom. She raced here, she raced there. Ending up on her back with a little spin, she would begin to play with her tail.

She was continually exploring new areas nearby, moving sedately among the trees, climbing them ever so cautiously, then settling down to warn any bird making a late retreat.

The trees and culvert received most of her attention. The culvert, which helped drain away excess water, was in front of the house, between our somewhat brief lawn and the rocky road bed. Day after day Tippy would sit patiently beside its opening, usually ending up by entering the drain and remaining there for some time. No amount of coaxing or calling would bring her forth. Fearing she might come to some harm, my husband devised a method which would not interfere with the drain's purpose, yet would keep Tippy above ground. So one day, making sure Tippy was safe on our screened porch, he hitched up the hose. Going over to the culvert he proceeded to flush it out to see if anything else had lodged inside. He had hardly begun when a mother skunk rushed out. Looking neither to right nor left, she disappeared into the adjoining field and woods. Ted had not had time to recover from his amazement when he beheld three baby skunks, one after another, emerge and scurry quickly after their mother. He blinked again, wondering if he were seeing correctly, then decided he'd wait a bit and see what happened next. As time passed and all was quiet he decided to get the hose and flush the culvert again. There was no reaction this time so he got some coarse wire and covered the openings.

For some time afterward, Tippy sat by the roadside near the culvert, her favorite haunt, gazing hopefully into it. Then one day, as if her questions had finally been answered for all time, she gave a twitch of her white-tipped tail and made for her ever dependable friends, the trees.

## Two Letters

By Hazel E. Howard

AS there are two sides to every question, so there are two kinds of people in the world, the tender-hearted and the hard-hearted. The following letters, the first published in the Redlands, California *Daily Facts*, the second left at the municipal dog pound, are written proof:

"Chick, a little brown and white female dog was hit and killed last night on Stillman Avenue. We do not blame the driver because Chick ran in front of his car, but why didn't he stop? . . .

"Our little daughter sobbed herself to sleep. . . .

"Chick is buried beside Mary Lou's red cocker spaniel puppy that was killed last winter at the school playground. When asked if she wanted another puppy she replied, 'No, I don't want to see any more die.'"

The second letter, scrawled on a sheet of paper and signed with name and address, attached to a cardboard carton in which lay the small, black-haired, lifeless form of a dog, reads:

"Poundmaster, I ran over this dog in San Timetco Canyon. I stopped and a man said take him here. You were closed, so I took care of him. I notified the Redlands police department, and they said it was O. K. to take care of him if you were closed."

(EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is a good reminder for all drivers, especially in icy weather. If you do run over an animal or see one that has been hit, take it to a veterinarian and notify the owner. Should it be a wild animal, make sure that it is dead. Never drive by any injured animal lying in the road.)

## A Dog's Christmas Wishes

By Ruth Fisher Wallace

Most people think that dogs such as I  
Have no share in the joy of Christ's  
birth.

The Father who watches the birds as  
they fly,  
And takes note when one falls to the  
earth,

Cares for all through the help of those  
here below,  
Who have Christ's humane spirit in  
mind.

Our love and best wishes always will go  
To the ones who are constantly kind.

December 1954



Different kinds of ducks mingle on Prince's East Lake.

In Indiana, man-made—

## Lakes Attract Wild Animals

By Hal Bennett

ANIMALS a few miles southwest of Nineveh, Indiana, are becoming much better acquainted with city people and vice versa. Although they are not domesticated, the wild creatures there are losing much of their timidity, especially during winter months.

Prince's Private Lakes, fifteen artificial bodies of water, now stand on what was largely sub-marginal farm land and deer pasture four years ago. More than five hundred families, most of them from Indianapolis, thirty-one miles to the north, have built lake-side cottages.

The deer instantly fled further back into the hills, but other animals accepted the invasion of their home acres more calmly. Lot owners had expected to see rabbits and squirrels. "What is that?" has become a common question as raccoons, opossums, ground hogs, muskrats, chipmunks, and even a few beavers appear too. Protected from hunting, birds and animals are discovering that the cottages and their occupants are a source of unusual but tasty handouts.

Some of the animals, like one pair of chipmunks, seem every bit as interested in humans as any persons could be in them. This pair frequently can be observed peeking curiously around tree trunks, following the motions of the family sharing a certain plot of ground with them. After dark is the best time to see a variety of species. Then flashlight or headlight beams give fleeting

glimpses of owls, opossums, raccoons, and others about nocturnal pursuits. A steady supply of bread crumbs, bits of suet, and other tidbits pay large dividends in enjoyable surprises.

Perhaps none appreciates the artificial lake project more than the shore and water birds. Motorboating on Prince's East Lake recently, I noticed several belted kingfishers and a little green heron before I got away from the dock. During the spring and fall, migrating ducks may be seen on the lake every day and occasionally some geese. A few of the bravest wild ducks mingle with the flocks of tame ones who live there all year round.

Unusual as well as common birds are seen regularly. Around one finger of the lake a northern pileated woodpecker flies through the oaks, beeches, and honey locusts. A majestic bird about the size of a crow, its black plumage shows flashes of white including an "S-shaped mark almost like a monogram on the side of its head and throat. A brilliant scarlet crown completes positive identification of this king of the northern woodpeckers. Bird books point out that it ordinarily inhabits only the densest woodlands and is usually quite wary of man.

It is valuable knowledge that we can attain a closer relationship with animals without taking away their natural habitat and freedom. Perhaps even the deer can be coaxed back to these new lakes.

# R for Prevention

By John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Conservation

**I**SN'T it rather strange that as a people we spend billions and billions of hard-earned dollars on everything from guided missiles and hydrogen bombs to the study of the sex life of *homo sapiens*, but very little on education?

The most useful word in today's world is "Education," but we turn our backs when we hear the word. We not only turn our backs, but very often we walk away entirely when, for instance, a new school tax is mentioned. We are "penny wise and pound foolish."

Take the subject of livestock loss prevention, for example. Do you know that almost all the evils of livestock handling could be eliminated through education? A modicum of support for our program could save New Englanders, alone, thousands of dollars *every single year*.

We are an intelligent people. We boast that our history is filled with human achievement, culture, and wisdom, and that from the very moment the Mayflower landed (bless its bulging seams!), we have steadily gone forward in a blaze of national glory. For the most part we have gone forward, but we must remember that we are no stronger than our weakest link. Those among us who are

thoughtless, intolerant and cruel continue to sap our national strength, while we do little about it.

Here in New England, the very birthplace of human liberties and the so-called cultural center of America, we are far more careless with our farm animals than we should be. Recently, a truck body came apart, allowing four baby calves to fall through to the road. They were killed by the rear wheels—a tragic, unnecessary loss to the farmer, the consumer, the packer, the tanner and the shoe manufacturer. The cause was carelessness and ignorance.

Much additional loss arises from a lack of education about the dangers of horns on cattle. Common sense should tell us that sharp horns cause death and crippling to other animals and humans. We know that when we ship a horned animal to market we must suffer a discount, a penalty discount imposed by the packer to protect him from loss due to possible horn bruises found after the animal is killed. Do we *do* anything about it? For the most part, dairy and beef producers rise up in indignation at the very thought of horn prevention. After all, they say, didn't the good Lord put horns

on cattle, and don't we spend hours, days and weeks training them to be beautiful (and *deadly*)?

I have said many times that the day will come when horns will be bred out of all cattle. We have lived with horns as an expensive luxury far too long for human and animal safety and for common-sense economy.

We need financial support, however, to put this and our other livestock loss prevention programs into operation. Every adult in New England should take part. After all there isn't one of us who doesn't spend at least \$2.00 a year foolishly, and how much better it would be to put that, or any amount you feel you can afford, to work for a cause like this! Let's all get behind the educational and research program that we have formed and discussed over the years.

As we have said before, the protection of livestock should be everybody's business. Our Department can do only what our limited finances will allow. Our President, Dr. Eric H. Hansen and I feel that farm animals deserve more humane treatment. We feel that our program will help everyone handle these valuable servants of mankind more intelligently. Who can look into the eyes of a little calf or a baby lamb and remain indifferent to the ways in which they are now abused?

Remember, when livestock is bruised or killed accidentally, **WE ALL LOSE**: the suffering animal, the farmer, the packer, the trucker, and everyone who eats meat, drinks milk or wears shoes.

## Off the Record

Reports from Our Agents

**C**OWS can speak for themselves as ten of them proved recently to an agent of our SPCA. In response to a neighboring farmer's call, our North Shore agent went to the address given and found the farmer-owner was drunk and his ten cows were bellowing because they needed milking. Since the owner was incapable of taking care of his herd, he was taken to the police station while our agent got a neighbor to help him milk the cows. The offender was told later that he would go to court if our agent ever again found his cattle in such a state.



**DR. HANSEN IN ENGLAND** — Our President is shown here receiving the Queen Victoria Medal in silver from Mrs. Wallis Power, JP, Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Royal SPCA, in London. Seated at the right is the Rt. Hon. Lord Merthyr, DL, JP, Chairman of the Council. The medal is the highest award the Royal Society can confer, and this is the first time it has ever been given to an American in recognition of outstanding service to the cause of animal protection.



# Potentialities of the Human Spirit

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education

**U**NDoubtedly, there comes to all of us moments of despair, if not of cynicism. We are disturbed at the problems that beset the free world today, and we may feel our efforts are so feeble and inadequate in the cause of truth. Then we remember the words, "On earth peace, good will to men," and our faith is renewed and strengthened.

Our American Humane Education Society received a "faith-renewing" letter from a sixth-grade boy in India, recently. We shall quote in part from this letter, for it is our firm belief that therein is an expression of sincerity rooted in faith that should be a symbol of hope and a challenge to realize the highest within us all.

"I saw one of your blotters and because I have four animals I want to be sure I am caring for these animals in the good way. So please send me your magazine and leaflets. In our curriculum there is English also. Because we have no English book to read except our textbook there is no progress. I am not a rich boy to buy other English books to read and learn. This is not my main reason to write to you, for with our interest in animals I would like to send letters to you and you send me letters. In this way we could become friends and brothers.

I care for all the people as my brothers and sisters. I await your letter and may God bless you.

Your brother,  
C. Thomas Tharoken"

We must leave to our national leaders what must be done for better understanding of the interdependence of East and West and to adapt our mutual needs and capacities for living together in peace. We ordinary citizens, however, can help by offering friendship and encouragement to youngsters like Thomas. By now, Thomas will have received much English literature from our Society dealing with pets and other animals. As time goes on and we learn of his further needs, we shall be glad to continue helping our new-found friend.

Perhaps you would like to help him learn English, too, and encourage his interest in animal welfare by telling him about your pets. Our young Indian friend would love to have some American pen pals, so why don't YOU extend a hand of friendship to:

C. Thomas Tharoken  
Chakalamannil  
Thumtamon P. O.  
Travancore, South India

Be sure to enclose enough postage, using an International Reply Coupon, so he can afford to answer you. These coupons are available at your post office.



Taken in Denmark, this picture shows Dr. Hansen, our President, discussing humane work with an old friend, Mrs. Melvina Mehrn. Dr. Hansen and Mrs. Mehrn have corresponded for more than 25 years, and this grand lady of Danish Animal Protection Societies, who is now in her 90's, was hostess to our late President, Dr. Rowley, when he visited Denmark in 1924.

## IS THERE A CHILD?

—On your Christmas gift list?  
—Who isn't thrilled to get something through the mail addressed especially to him (or her)?  
—Who wouldn't love you for giving him a subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS magazine? We'll send a Christmas card signed as you direct to announce your gift.

See the inside back cover of this issue for quantity discount and order today!

## We Asked for It!

(See photo at left)

**R**ESIDENTS of Fitchburg have responded most generously to the recent appeal of the Massachusetts SPCA for discarded blankets and other soft cloth to be used in the cages of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

Especially responsible for this wonderful response was Mr. Arthur Neff, head of the Nichols and Frost department store, who created a center in his store where customers might bring much-needed articles for this cause. Mr. Neff (left), is shown delivering a carload of the material to the Hospital, where he is greeted by "Peggy," a patient, and Warren Yanarella, Supervisor of Nurses. Heartfelt appreciation is extended by the Society and Hospital officials, and continued contributions will be most welcome in view of the cold weather.





# CHILDREN'S PAGE



Artist, Gedge Harmon

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'" (St. Luke, II, 8-11)

## Alarm Clock with Whiskers

By Marie Stackpole (8)

**P**ETITE is a charcoal-gray and white cat. Petite got his name because he was little and thin when we first found him.

In the morning when my father gets up, he races down the hall and into the kitchen. He rolls over and over at my father's feet, and plays until my father feeds him.

Sometimes in the morning he jumps in my father's bed and wakes him up because he wants to be fed.

## Remember the Birds

By Mary Ellen Jason (12)

**E**VERY morning when I get up, the birds are singing for their breakfast. You see, I feed them and they know I want to be friends. I feed them bread with peanut butter. It's a pleasure to watch them eat. When they are all in a large group I have to be careful because there are a few stray cats and they might try to catch them. We should think of birds in winter and especially in the summer when we have a dry spell. They depend on us for water. I always have a large pan of water in my garden.

## Completely Spoiled

By Peggy Ann Baldwin (13)

**W**E get your magazine, which I enjoy very much. I am a true animal lover and enjoy reading some of the stories about other people's pets. I never thought of writing about my own pets until my mother brought it up, so I have taken her advice and have written to you. I have sent in a story about my dog, Bruno, who is, as you will read, completely spoiled.

About a week before Christmas, my mother and I are usually busy making cookies for the holidays. Bruno, our boxer, looks forward to this event.

While the batter is being made, he sits nearby and watches, but the minute the cookies are put on the cookie sheet and placed in our visible oven, he becomes very alert. He stands in front of the window of the oven and watches the cookies turn golden brown. It is then that he starts to drool. He knows he will get the cookies that are broken.

## Merry Christmas, Deer

By Albert Hamilton

**J**OSEF, wake up! We seem to have guests for dinner tonight. Careful, don't scare them away." As Josef rubbed the sleep from his eyes and started from his comfortable chair to greet the guests, Mama Dellini pointed excitedly toward the window.

For the past forty years it had been the custom of Josef Dellini and his wife to decorate the front of their large, rambling, frame house with appropriate scenes at Christmastime, and this year they had decided to make it especially nice. Since Josef was the most respected and influential citizen of the picturesque mountain town of Ouray, Colorado, and many of the townsfolk had come to depend upon him for advice and guidance in business and in their daily lives, he rightly felt that he was expected to set a good example, and at Christmas he made a special effort.

Josef was proud of this year's accomplishment, which he had completed only the day before. The scene which had been depicted across the front of the house represented the birth of Christ, and it had taken many hours of painstaking work to attain the desired effect.

In the center, a real wooden manger had been built and figures placed on either side. To complete the picture, Josef had filled the manger with the finest hay that had been grown on his own farm. Evening shadows were already falling when he put the final touches to his masterpiece.

So today, Josef had enjoyed a well-earned rest until Mama had interrupted his reverie with her talk of someone coming for dinner. But now he was wide awake, watching with fascination as two deer feasted on the hay in the manger.

"Mama," said Josef, "It is good to see that even the wild animals trust in the goodwill of man at Christmastime."





# Duchess Came To Stay

By Ed Prewitt

OUR most recent pet is Duchess, a Muscovy duck that perches on my knee, eats from my hand and follows me about the farm like a pet dog.

About a month ago we found the duck lying on a creek bank, helpless and nearly starved due to having a broken leg. We put her in the car and brought her home with us.

"Trim me a couple of thin wooden splints two inches long," ordered my wife, Mary, as she prepared to set the broken bone. Soon the ends of the bone were joined flush, splints were in place and securely held with adhesive tape. An empty corn crib made an ideal hospital room, with a bed of straw to provide a soft resting place for Duchess while her leg was healing. We took food and water to the crib every day.

In ten days the broken leg, though still weak, had knitted, so Mary removed the



tape and splints. We opened the crib door so Duchess could have her freedom to go where she liked.

So far, her favorite places have been the kitchen door for food and the pond between meals. But on one occasion, it looked very much as if Duchess had headed for far-away places and different adventures.

Mickey, our dog, while in a playful mood, evidently thought it would be fun

to see how fast a duck could travel. When he flushed her, she whirled through the air, circled the farm, soared over the treetops in the woods, then came in for a graceful landing on the pond.

Since this flight, however, Duchess has added a few pounds to her streamlined figure. She now seems to like waddling better than flying, so maybe she will stay on with us after all.

## It's All in the Point of View

By Louise H. Guyot

*"Let me tell you," said a Kitten, "what I overheard  
From some very pretty ladies. 'Isn't it absurd,'  
Said one lady to another, as they watched us play,  
'To spend such a lot of money such a foolish way.'"*

*'Do you mean you think it's foolish, spending money thus?'  
(As she spoke, the other lady indicated us.)*

*'Spending money, 'cause you love 'em, on the dogs and cats  
Isn't one bit foolisher than spending it on hats.*

*Some buy books with fine old bindings; some buy jewels rare;*

*Others choose to own rare laces; some buy flowers fair.*

*Men and women buy themselves that which pleasure brings,*

*And some hearts find greatest joy in loving living things.'"*

## Fashionable Fidos

By Marjorie McKay

CANINES are certainly "putting on the dog" nowadays. Paris may be the fashion center for women, but it has nothing on New York as the fashion center for dogs. Here, in the East Fifties, may be found fashionable Doggie Shoppes catering to the aristocratic dog with a large bank account. For example, they feature a complete line of clothing the well-dressed dog should wear. Pajamas, lounging robes, and boots, ready-made or custom-made are for sale. There are even hot dogs, balls, bones, and rings made of hard rubber for the "children" (puppies).



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Although I've got no pedigree.  
He feeds me Wirthmore every day  
And am I healthy? I should say!

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST follows:**

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

**New!**

**New!**

**New!**

**U**P-TO-DATE materials for teachers, Junior Humane Society leaders, Scout leaders, or youth programs in camp, club or home need not be expensive. Your humane society's library should have these basic aids:

1. Dr. William G. Vinal's book, **NATURE RECREATION** (see review, page 18, in August **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**) is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as program ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials. (P. S. It makes a nice Xmas gift, too.)
2. Our **CARE OF THE CAT** filmstrip will cover the needs of classrooms, Junior Humane Society programs or Scout merit badge study. A 35 mm. black-and-white filmstrip of 28 frames, it comes complete with instruction manual and script.

These are excellent materials at really low prices. Use the accompanying coupon to order now. Supplies are limited, so "first come, first served."

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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10% discount on orders of 1,000 and over.

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We are sorry, but we can accept no further orders for imprinting of calendars as it is now too late to have this done in time for Christmas delivery. We would suggest, however, that calendars can still be ordered and the place left for imprint be filled in, either in pen and ink with the person's greeting and signature, or by a rubber stamp.

## Animal Protection Societies

The following discounts allowed only to societies working in the interest of animal protection. Orders must be written on the society's letterhead and be for society use, not for the use of individuals associated with it. Discounts are not applicable to cumulative orders. Each order must be of amount in itself to warrant discount.

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